

TROUBLES OF TWO WORKING GIRLS

Scene—The telephone switchboard in the lobby of a New York hotel.

Characters—Annabelle, the telephone girl, and Myrtle, "in the business."

Myrtle—Whatever are yuh cryin' over, dearie? Ain't yuh well?

Annabelle—In a way, I am, an' again I've went through a mental strain what's jest put me in a dreadful state of nerves. Last night we had a few frens up to the flat, an' yonno how a mob like that gets to kiddin' an' don't one the golden pour a pint of beer into the goldfishes, an' this mornin' both Evelyn an' Archie was found dead in their tracks!

They was the grandest pets, my dear—jest reglar little pals, an' when mawr wasn't on the road she'd set an' talk to 'em by the hour, an' it was a turble comfort to me, feelin' she had sumpin' to keep her comp'ny, cause she does git that pessimistic of alone—but thus it goes, the dark curtain f'rever descendin', blottin' out all brightness. Ah, me.

Myrtle—I been awful disturbed, too. They's a guy in the Hill Show Band—he's only B flat clarinet, but gave a chance he could load lovely—an' I been a-writin' an' he's wrote, an' a-course like yuh will in them cases, when he got kinda serious I strung him long, fur Heaving knows life's brutal enough without goin' out yer way to lacerate people's feelin's.

But now he's here, an' pressin' fur a instant decision as to his suit, which honest, Bella, I dunno what to do, fur I'm stallin' fur time with Arthur, the locomotive engineer—if I could git ut to the idea of him comin' home in blue jumpers an' the neighbors seein' it, I believe I'd f'gurt the difference in our stations an' leave it go at that, though my heart sorta inclines to wards another party, an' he's got more, too, but Arthur reads Browning an' Shelley, an' he says as to stickin' he kin make a monkey out of all the Abelards an' Aucassins that ever was.

Annabelle—Is he a drinkin' man, dearie?

Myrtle—Nothin' but wine an' a few things like that, but he kin run that wagon of his in any condition; they has been knockers what objected to him speedin' up so's to have more time fur stops, an' Arthur simply warned 'em ef he heard another word the train'd be bumped off the next trestle—yuh got to be very firm with a satten class of the travellin' public.

Annabelle—He listens like he had a iron will, an' I'm fraid he'd take the bridge around the house, an' yer others all bein' the jump-through-kind, yuh'n him be sure to git to mix in it.

Myrtle—Bella, is they any hay on me? I like to see him try it. A guy endeavorin' to be my boss is goin' to have disturbed days, which I'd poison one of 'em ef I was drove to it, thus provin' the road to a man's heart's through his stummick. Oh, I ain't no weakly vessel, an' he'd need a spade bit on me, dearie. At that they's satisfaction in gettin' one them masterful parties like Arthur, an' he wouldn't wreck no cars I was ridin' on, or ef he did he better never quit runnin'. I kin be a very forceful sell ef I gotta, dearie.

Annabelle—The behavior of the masculines has made us wimeng hard an' cold, an' they got only themselves to thank. Why, things is gittin' so that where proposals was as thick as Journal reporters on a murder case, now yuh got to ketch 'em sick an' nurse 'em well, signin' 'em up while they're aillin', a slip a knock-out into the afternoon tea, an' tell 'em when come to they ast yuh. Even then they's a heavy percentage'll flee their way out, fur—hello!

This is 4-11-44. Who? Mista William Pinkerton? Lady, I only wish he would show his deceitful face in this here lobby, fur he gimme his promise true to eat over to our flat last evenin', an' there me an' mawr stuck 'round waitin' hour after hour, yet not s'much as a word from him. A-course them ways may be stood fur out in Chicawago, but Bill's gotta step some before he squares himself in our dram, an' he kin jest understand they's others what—hello!

Want yer name took to Mista Pinkerton at onct without further remarks?

I s'pose yuh, like all the rest, considers that a workin' gell ain't got no right to her feelin's, which ef it happens yuh was the cause of him doin' it like he done, yuh needn't do no imperial number with me, fur I—hello!

Dearie, she jest called me a impidant hussy! Surely I ain't here to be the butt of every peevish doll who—hello! Goin' to be over here in person in ten minutes? As yuh please. Yuh kinnot intimidate me. My dear, I'm tremblin' sumpin' awful, but did yuh note the rein I kep' over myself? This noo control comes from my psychic studies.

Yuh mustn't let nothing git yuh goin', remainin' calm an' unmoved through every irritation, jest as I done, but I will observe private to yuh that Bill Pinkerton's due fur a raggin' when mawr ketches up to him, likewise his photo's been took from the mantel.

Myrtle—It's the eternal rubbin' against the proletariat that lowers us, Bella, struggle as we will. I'm goin' in fur socialism.

Annabelle—Ain't it kinda vulgar like, dearie, to be knowed as one?

Myrtle—Oh, the best element's gittin' the lug now. Yuh see with the Rockefeller's an' Harry Lauder an' Frank Daniels all forced into the general jackpot, we'd all set in on no pair an' draw out on 'em. It's a swell scheme, fur at last boarded wealth's to be tore from the contemptuous rich, an' us who need it'll have a opportunity at last. An' the hour's approachin'. Hourly oppressed humanity is mutterin' in revolt, gatherin' fur a spring at them with the jingle.

I dunno whether they's to be killin' like in the Commune or ef we jest make 'em give up an' then go to work fur us.

Annabelle—Gee, it thrills yuh to the marrow, don't it? I'd like to git some sassety dowager at this wire an' spend my mornin's makin' faces at her. Alas! that we gotta go pokin' along, the sport of fate. The best tipper in the hotel's went 'way, 'cause he was cashier of a bank an' the pore boy had the croolest luck playin' the hosses, an' bein' as the examiners was due Fred took out fur Peru. No generouser fella never breathed, fur he didn't care what he done with his money.

An' he had the loveliest black mus-tache. Yet he hadda blow, while people entirely lackin' his kind instincts is left to hector an' abuse me, an'—hello?

What? It's a guest, dearie—s'cuse me a second till I hand him a bunch. He thinks he owns the hull joint 'cause he's got a suit, but I guess I kin change his views. Oh, ain't this a saddenin' life?

(Curtain.)

"FIGHTING BOB"

(Continued from page eleven.)

and that he might not perfectly sure that I would kill six before they cut my legs off. This brought matters to a crisis at once, and in a few minutes the surgeon in charge came in very angry and full of threats. But the result was that they left my legs on.

I lay in the hospital for months, and was afterwards taken to active service. Later Dr. Gross of this city broke the joint and straightened the leg. After recovering from the operation Evans, at his own request, was promptly restored to the active list. He sailed for the Orient in the Delaware, the flagship of Vice Admiral Rowan.

Here are a few stories of the many that he tells of that trip.

"Our stay at Hongkong was not a very long one, but we had sufficient time to make a number of very interesting excursions. A party of us—youngsters of course—figured out a scheme by which we could beat the Chinese gambling game known as 'fan-tan'. Our system was carefully gone over, and the more we examined it the more certain it appeared that we had only to play long enough in order to amass great wealth.

"Finally, we made our plans to go to the Portuguese city of Macao, some fifty miles away, and clear out the gambling shops there first, as they were reputed to be more wealthy than the Chinese dens in Hongkong, and wealth was what we were after. Some of our shipmates heard of our scheme, and, being convinced of the soundness of our system, intrusted us with valuable sums to be invested for their interest—the foundation of their fortune, as it were.

"Four of us finally set out on this important excursion, re-armed Macao safely, and, having secured comfortable rooms at one of the best hotels, began our breaking process on one of the large gambling houses.

"For a time we did well, and it really looked as if we were going to get the best of the game; but the banker eventually struck the weak point in our system, and we went home at 3 a. m. with just enough money to pay our hotel bill and our fare back to Hongkong. We did not bear the last of that expedition for many a long day."

They made a visit to Canton.

"Before returning to Hongkong we decided to smoke opium Chinese fashion, that we might know from practical experience what the sensation was like. We borrowed a few Chinese experts from the flower boat

of a nobleman lying near us, and after due preparation proceeded to smoke.

"The expert who was giving me his attention prepared a small pill of the opium mixture, and placed it over the pinhole in the pipe, which takes the place of the ordinary bowl. When I had managed to get the large stem of the pipe into my mouth, he applied a red-hot iron to the opium, and the smoking began.

"I inhaled three whiffs of the smoke, which was all the small pill produced, and then I was sorry I had done it. All the fine dreams and hallucinations which I had been led to expect, and did really expect to experience, were missing, and in their stead I was genuinely seasick—nauseated until I could neither eat, sleep, nor stay awake. The sensation lasted for several days, notwithstanding the large amount of strong tea and coffee I drank, not to mention other liquids."

For a long time the Delaware lay at anchor off Singapore.

"Five of us hired a bungalow on shore, and regularly set up our establishment. It was situated on the edge of the jungle, near one of the best hotels, from which we obtained our meals. It was, of course, headquarters for all officers who had to remain ashore all night. We had only five beds, but they were very elastic, and could be made on occasion to hold a great many men.

"One morning, as five of us sat taking our morning fruit and coffee, the Chinese attendant broke into the room, almost paralyzed with fear, screaming 'Cobra! Cobra!' In a moment we had located a large, vicious-looking reptile in the back yard, and the happy thought came to some one to send for a snake charmer and test his qualities on this specimen, which had evidently just crawled out of the jungle.

"In five minutes, or probably less, the charmer appeared, and proceeded to do the neatest trick I ever witnessed. He was a Mohammedan, about 40 years of age, striped to the waist, and carrying a seal-skin bag with the fur on the inside, in which he had a large collection of cobras and other snakes."

Evans tells how the Mohammedan proceeded to charm the snake, and finally deposit it in the bag with the other snakes. They story then continues:

"The unfortunate thought came to one of our men that it would be a good idea to get the Mohammedan drunk, to see what he would do; so he prepared a dose for him that was very effective. He poured a good stiff drink of brandy into a beer glass, and then filled it with gin instead of water.

"The charmer took kindly to the drink, and in a short time rolled out of his chair on to the floor very drunk, and was soon fast asleep.

"The bag of snakes had not been thought of up to this time, but it also fell, and the inhabitants quickly spread over the floor. In the meantime five American officers took to the table, and, drawing their feet up carefully, remained up there until the snake charmer slept off his dose. He snored quietly while the snakes crawled over and around him, but it was a long time before he finally came to himself, secured his pets, and took them away."

Just one more story, one which shows an entirely different phase of Evans. It tells of his audience with the Empress Dowager of China, which took place years later, when he was Admiral in command of the Asiatic Station.

"Everything was in readiness for our reception. As soon as we could change into special full-dress uniform we were ushered into the royal presence. I had selected the officers to accompany me—tall, fine-looking men—and when we stood in a row facing her I felt sure the Empress Dowager had not often seen a more business-looking lot of officers.

"She was seated on her throne, beautifully dressed, calm and dignified. On a chair to her left, but not on the throne, sat the young Emperor, a young man who seemed to be deficient in mental makeup. In this opinion, however, I was not supported by some of those who were with me. "The Minister presented me in a few words to her Majesty, and, standing at a distance of about twenty feet, I repeated the speech I had sent her some days before—at least a portion of it. She replied with the speech she had sent me, and then an unusual thing happened. She said to the Minister through her interpreter:

"Ask the Admiral to come near me; I wish to converse with him."

"This part of the play had not been rehearsed, as it was unexpected. For a moment I was just a bit disconcerted, but only for a moment. I ascended the two or three steps of the throne and approached the wonderful woman who sat in front of me. I had no idea just how close I ought to go, but I had often talked to the wife of our President, and I felt that I could come as close to this Chinese lady as I had to her.

"I stopped when I was close enough to put my hand on her, if that became desirable. Then I looked into the eyes of this woman who ruled over four hundred millions of people, holding their lives and the destiny of her country in the hollow of her hand.

"Beautiful, appealing brown eyes

looked back at me out of a face that must at one time have been strikingly beautiful. Every line of it indicated firmness and strength; the mouth alone suggested cruelty, if occasion called for it.

"The Empress Dowager spoke deliberately and with dignity. The interpreter received her words, bumped his head on the floor, raised his eyes, and repeated in English what she had said. I replied, another bump of the head, and with downcast eyes he conveyed my message to her Majesty. Thus for about twenty minutes the conversation continued. * * * The interview concluded with these words from her Majesty:

"After all my country has suffered, I find she has but one friend in the world. That, Admiral, is the great country you represent!"

"With these words she clasped her own shapely, delicate hands together. I bowed and backed out of her presence, fully aware that I had enjoyed the privilege of seeing the most remarkable woman in the world show her real feeling."

ARTHUR WANTED WESTERN MAN.

One day in the first week of June, 1881, I was compelled to wait at the railway station at Albany, N. Y., for a train from the West that was reported two hours late. The day was warm, and the station platform was almost deserted except by employees.

At last I heard a step approaching and, looking up, saw General Chester A. Arthur. He carried a grip-sack, which he set down in order to remove his hat and wipe from his forehead the profuse perspiration which the heat of the day had brought out.

General Arthur seldom failed to recognize any one with whom he had acquaintance, even the slightest, and his greeting of me, therefore, was most cordial.

"I suppose you are on your way to Chicago, general?" I asked, having in mind the fact that the Republican national convention was about to convene in that city.

"Yes," he replied, "I am to take here the special train that is running from New York city. I came up to Albany yesterday to attend to some personal business and to visit my sister, Mrs. McElroy, whom I have not seen for some time." She was the sister, who, a little over a year later, was to become mistress of the White House.

As we paced up and down the platform, General Arthur, whose train also was late, spoke with great frankness of the probable result of the balloting for the Presidential candidate.

"I doubt," said he—and he was one of Roscoe Conkling's staunch supporters in the Grant third term movement—"I doubt whether we shall be able to secure the nomination of General Grant. Judge William C. Robertson of this state seems to have his bolting delegates well in hand, and I am convinced that the delegates from Pennsylvania who have stated that they will not support Grant's nomination will stick to that determination. All this looks to me as if Grant cannot be nominated."

"In case you do not nominate General Grant," I asked, "who, then, is likely to be the choice of the convention?" Blaine?

"No, not Blaine. But for him Grant would be nominated. If Grant can't be nominated, Blaine can't be."

"Does that mean a dark horse?" I asked. "Or John Sherman?" Sherman was an avowed candidate.

General Arthur looked at me queerly for a moment before replying.

"Do you really think that the New York delegation would support the nomination of Sherman in view of what has happened?" he asked. He referred to the fact that it was John Sherman, who, as Secretary of the Treasury under Hayes, had caused Arthur's removal from the office of collector of the port of New York—an act that greatly angered the New York organization.

"For myself I should like to see some one nominated from one of the states west of the Mississippi river if we cannot nominate General Grant," Arthur continued.

"The temptation will be great, General Arthur," I said, "to publish the fact that you, and presumably your friends, have some Republican who lives west of the Mississippi in mind as second choice in case you cannot nominate General Grant."

"It wouldn't do at all," he replied, hastily; "it would mix everything all up."

"Well," I said, "in case you nominate a far western man for President, the convention will probably come east for its candidate for vice president."

General Arthur smiled. "The vice presidency is so remote a contingency until the candidate for President is nominated that we haven't given it a moment's thought," he said. "Almost any good Republican who lives in the East would make a good candidate for vice president. Personally, I should be inclined to name some one from Pennsylvania or New England, but the matter at this time is not worth a moment's consideration."

That was the attitude of the man who a few days later was himself to

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be nominated for vice president and who, as we paced the platform together, tacitly admitted to me that he was contemplating his election on the following winter as United States Senator from New York to succeed Francis Kernan.

FATHER HONEST, BABY HAS BANK ACCOUNT

NEW YORK, January 13.—A bit of a baby box in the Bronx has \$500 in the bank today just because his papa was honest.

Philip Lowenthal of 1331 Intervale avenue, who is papa, wasn't only honest—he was wonderfully honest. He found a wallet containing five \$1000 bills (which seems to prove there really is such a thing), and between \$40,000 and \$50,000 in securities, and sent it right back to the man who lost it.

Lowenthal is cashier at the Hotel Traymore, at 308 West Fifty-eighth street, and he found the money-choked wallet one evening last week in the dining room. After he recovered his breath he took it to the proprietor and in a casual sort of way remarked:

"Here's a matter of \$50,000 or so that I just found in the dining room on the floor. If the owner happens to ask for it, give it to him, will you? Thanks."

The owner was Henry J. Lazarus, an umbrella merchant at 74 Franklin street. The story they tell at the hotel is that pretty soon Lazarus arrived in a hurry, an automobile and a suit of pajamas—he had a coat over the pajamas.

Last night when Lowenthal was starting for home the boss handed him a check for \$500. It was from Lazarus.

BRITISH ACCOUNTANTS GAIN SECRETS OF NAVY.

WASHINGTON, January 13.—Protests from the New York Society of Certified Public Accountants that British accountants are installing cost-keeping systems in American navy yards and are thus becoming thoroughly familiar with secret manu-

Announcement

I beg leave to announce that I have, in addition to the business conducted by me as a Wholesaler Dealer in Japanese Provisions, Groceries and General Merchandise, undertaken the business of a Commission Merchant, Merchant Broker, and will also represent different firms as their agent for the Territory of Hawaii.

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facturing methods and processes used by the Navy, caused the introduction of a resolution today by Representative Harrison of New York asking Secretary Meyer for information. The New York accountants claimed that Secretary Meyer has discriminated against American experts by giving to a British firm the contract for the installation of accounting systems. Field and forest birds of America, once so numerous, are now so thinned in numbers that their absence from former haunts is noticeable East and West. Great losses in grain and fruit crops comes through the attacks of insects that formerly were taken care of by the birds. An example of what may be done in bird culture in a large way is being furnished in Michigan, near the village of Dearborn, which is an outpost of Detroit. Here 2800 acres of land have been given up to bird attraction and protection by Henry Ford a wealthy philanthropist.